

The Holt County Sentinel.

VOLUME II.

OREGON, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1867.

NUMBER 44.

Cards.

ZOOK & SCOTT,
Bankers and Dealers in Exchange
—AND—
REAL ESTATE,
OREGON, MO.
Do a general banking business. Deposits received. Collections made.
H-6-ly

HORACE COOPER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OREGON, MO.
OFFICE Over Mitchell's Bakery.
10-6m

IRA O. BUZICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
1187-ly

R. D. MARKLAND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
OFFICE Over Kress and Herberger's Store.

Will give prompt attention to any business entrusted to his care in the Twelfth Judicial District.
al-ly

Farrish, Dungan & Hawthorne,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND
REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to their care in Northwest Missouri and Kansas. Real estate bought and sold on reasonable terms. Taxes paid, collections made, &c.
Having an Abstract of Title for Holt County, nearly completed, we have better facilities for furnishing information concerning real estate than any other persons in the county.
OFFICES:
T. H. PARKER & T. C. DUNN, over W. & J. W. Zook's, Oregon, Holt County, Missouri.
T. J. HAWTHORNE, with Dr. Snow, Main St., Rockport, Atchison County Mo., 87-5m

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.
S. C. Collins & T. W. Collins.

Real Estate Agents,

Will give prompt attention to the buying and selling of LANDS, and the payment of TAXES. S. C. Collins having resided in Holt County for about twenty-five years, and having been County Surveyor for the greater portion of that time; and T. W. Collins having been engaged in the Practice of Law for a number of years in the county, they flatter themselves that they will be able to give satisfaction to those who may see fit to transact business with them. S. C. Collins also offers his services as County Surveyor, and T. W. Collins as Attorney at law.
OFFICE—East side Public Square, Oregon, Holt County, Missouri.
10-6m

Dr. G. M. EDSON,
DENTIST!
North Public Square,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
36-ly

A. C. BEVAN,
HOUSE, SIGN, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER
OREGON, MISSOURI.
al-ly

Karl F. Horst,
HOUSE, SIGN, AND ORNAMENTAL
Painter,
Paper Hanger, and Grainer of Wood.
Buggy Painting and trimming
neatly executed.
—ALSO—
House Carpenter, Cabinet
Maker,
and Carver of Wood.
Window Shutters manufactured, Fur-
niture repaired.
55-ly
FOREST CITY, MO.

CHRISTIAN KRAUS. GUSTAV ROCKNER.
Krauss & Rockner,
LAGER BEER BREWERS,
FOREST CITY, MISSOURI.
HAYING enlarged their Brewery, are now
ready to supply their customers with good
Beer, in such quantities as may be desired.
11-ly

JAMES H. NILES,
DEALER IN STOVES,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER, AND SHEET IRON WARE,
North-east corner of Public square,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
—Old Copper, Brass, and Pewter taken in
exchange for tinware.
10-6m

WM. BASKINS & CO.,
BLACKSMITHS,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Holt
County and the public generally that they
are prepared to do Blacksmithing in its various
branches, promptly and on reasonable terms.
SHOP—Second building east of City Hotel.
al-ly

LUMBER,
Reduced Prices, at the Forest City
Saw Mill.
Richardson & Poindexter,
Having thoroughly refitted their Mill, are now
prepared to furnish Cottonwood Lumber at
\$20 per 1000.
The best quality of Shingles and Lath always
on hand.
10-6m

W. M. WIRTH & CO.,
IMPORTERS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE, CUTLERY,
SADDLERY,
No. 6 South 84 street, bet. Felix and Edmond.
ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Prices guaranteed as low as in any Western
City.

MURPHY,
Successor to
J. MURPHY & CO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
OREGON, MO.

READY MADE CLOTHING, and goods of the
latest styles, always on hand. Suits
made on short notice, and best style. Call and
see the Largest, Best, and most complete stock
of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, ever offered
in this city.

W. SCOTT MITCHELL,
Baker.

This stand, next door west of City Hotel, will
be prepared, from this date, to supply all
demands for Bread, Cakes, Pies, Fruits, Nuts,
and Confectioneries. Call and see.
March 23, 1867.—[3m]

WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY.
WM. COTTEN,
Oregon, Missouri.

WOULD respectfully inform the public that
having established himself permanently,
and secured the assistance of a skilled practical
watch maker and jeweler, he is ready to wait
on customers with anything in his line of busi-
ness.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, SPECTACLES, &c., constan-
tly on hand. All kinds of repairing done
promptly and at reasonable prices. Gold and
silver jewelry made to order.
Shop at Geo. P. Luckhardt's old stand.
26-6m

TAX PAYERS,
LOOK OUT!

EVERY dollar saved, will go towards paying
the enormous taxes which press so heavily
upon you in these latter days. You must have
BOOTS AND SHOES.

And it is to your interest to buy them at
CASTLE AND LEHMER'S
Shoe Store. We deal exclusively in that line,
and our stock is complete. Our stock is com-
plete, consisting in

Eastern and Custom Made Work,
and of superior quality. Persons desiring
Home Made Work
will be accommodated on short notice. All
work warranted. Give us a call.
CASTLE & LEHMER.
Oregon, Mo. [45-ly]

Special Notice!
Bounty! Bounty! Bounty!

Missouri State Militia
Are now enlisted, by an act of Congress, to the
Bounty as other Volunteers.

For three Year's Service, \$200.
For two Years, and less than three
Years, \$150.

Hairs of deceased Soldiers, and
those discharged on account of
Wounds, Two Hundred Dollars.

We are prepared to collect these claims
Promptly,
And will furnish Blanks for the purpose to all
applicants. We are also collecting
Pay for use and risk of Horses and
Equipments.

For those who kept their horses from June 30th,
1864, until they disposed of them to Govern-
ment.

Teamsters or their Heirs, in the
Oregon Battalion,
Will do well by addressing us in regard to
LAND WARRANTS.

To which they are entitled.
All claims against the United States, and
State of Missouri, promptly collected.
Call on or address,
BENDER & MARKLE,
92 Edmond Street, St. Joseph, Mo.

Patronize Home Institutions and
Keep Your Money in the State!
STATE INSURANCE CO. Y.
(CHARTER PERPETUAL.)

Hannibal, Missouri.
Authorized Guarantee Capital, \$300,000!
Offers Indemnity to Property Holders
Against Loss by Fire & Lightning.
HOME OFFICE IN LEAGUE'S BUILDING,
Corner of Main and Centre Street.

DIRECTORS:
G. W. SHIELDS, Pres. Pike Co., R. R. Hannibal,
JOSEPH HUNT, Pres. 1st National Bank,
J. T. E. HAYWARD, Pres. H. & St. Jo. R. R.,
H. W. MARSHALL, Dealer in Agricultural Impls.,
CHAS. SHEPARD, Banker, Springfield,
DAVID PHOENIX, Banker, St. Joseph,
J. N. STOKES, Underwriter,
O. N. CLARK, Hannibal,
J. J. SYMONS, Hannibal.

OFFICERS:
J. T. E. HAYWARD, President,
J. N. STOKES, Vice President,
JOSEPH HUNT, Treasurer,
J. J. SYMONS, Secretary,
O. N. CLARK, General Agent,
W. P. WILKIN, Asst. General Agent,
L. P. HANSEN, Travelling Agent.
Canvassing Agents wanted at all times.
Apply at the office of the Company, or address
the Secretary.
14-ly

Holt County Sentinel.

(WEEKLY.)

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
CHAS. W. BOWMAN.
OFFICE—In brick block Northwest corner Pub-
lic Square, Oregon, Mo.

Terms in Advance:
One copy per year, \$2 00

Advertising.
The rates adopted by the Convention of Pub-
lishers of North Missouri, held at Mazon, June
12th, 1866, will be adhered to by us. They are
as follows:

RATES OF ADVERTISING—TRANSIENT.
One dollar and fifty cents per square for first
insertion, and seventy-five cents per square for
each additional insertion. A square to be one
inch in space down the column, counting rule,
display lines, blanks, &c., as solid matter. No
advertisement to be considered less than a square,
and all fractions counted a full square. All ad-
vertisements inserted for a less period than
three months to be regarded as TRANSIENT.

REGULAR ADVERTISEMENTS.
One square, three months, \$7 00
One square, six months, 10 00
One square, twelve months, 15 00
Four squares, twelve months, 30 00
Ten squares, twelve months, 60 00

DOUBLE COLUMN ADVERTISEMENTS.
25 per cent. additional to the above rates.

LOCAL ADVERTISEMENTS.
No certificate of publication to be made un-
til publisher's fees are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS of notices not marked with
the number of insertions, will be published un-
til forbid and charged for accordingly.

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

We cannot find words to express our emotions
when we first read the following touching ver-
se. They stir the soul to its very depths, and
we may defy a man of feeling to read them with-
out a tearful eye. A young lady, whose life had
been made wretched by the drunkenness of her
father, is the author; and none but one who
has "walked woe's depths," could write such a
powerful piece. She wrote and sent it to a
friend, who had told her that she was a "mo-
nument," in bitter hatred of the "deadly cup."

Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold proud world's scorn—
Thus struggle on from year to year,
The sole relief the tear.

Go, weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall,
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall,
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray—
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay—
Be cast, with bitter tears, aside,
Thy prayers bartered, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wand'ring glance and see
There, mirror'd his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard,
The sob of sad despair,
As memory's feeling fount hath stirr'd,
And its revealing there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go, to my mother's side,
And her crush'd spirit cheer,
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear—
Mark her dimm'd eye, her furrow'd brow,
And trace the ruin back to me.

Go, to the ruin back to him
Whose pledged faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth—
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup,
And led down from love and light,
For all that made her pathway bright.

And chain'd her there, 'mid wail and strife,
That lowly woe—a Drunkard's Wife,
And stamp'd on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight—a Drunkard's Child.

Go, bear, and see and feel and know
All that my soul hath felt or known—
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,
See if its brightness can atone,
Think if its flavor you would try,
If all poisoning— "The drink and die!"

Tell me 'tween the bowl!
Haste, haste, a feeble word!
See, the hour—my very soul
With a long disgust is stirr'd
When I see, or hear, or tell
Of the dark beverage of Hell!

Sometimes music is thus noticed, and
appropriately. We have not heard all
the pieces but have no doubt that they
are beautiful:

"At 10 a quarter."
"Back to the Mountain"—Cold place
for the back now.

"Bea, me Boatlet"—Boat let for 25
cents a hour.

"Beautiful Moonlight"—Our substi-
tute for street gas lights.

"Little Drooping Flower"—We are
unable to see it. The best brands are
\$10-50 per pack.

"No one to Love"—Get one.

"Rock Beside the Sea"—I have no
rocking chair.

"Coming Thro' the Rye"—Massa-
chusetts State Constables.

"Where have the Beautiful Gone?"—
To hear Jewett and Lucy Stone.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE DROWNED.

Described by a Man Who has Tried
it.

A few days ago a workman employed
at one of the tanneries on the west side
of the river, but living on the east side,
named Grace, attempted to cross on the
ice. When part way over the river, the
ice broke beneath Grace, and he fell
through. He sank immediately to the
bottom, but was taken up by one of those
hicks employed for the purpose, and by
strong efforts, the spark of life, which
had apparently departed was brought
back, and Grace still lives, although hav-
ing been as near death's dark door as a
man could very well go and return to
this tattered sphere.

Yesterday a reporter of the Wiscon-
sinian met Grace and had a conversation
with him relative to his narrow escape.
During the conversation the man gave a
sketch of the sensations he experienced
while under the water, which we will en-
deavor to give as the words fell from his
lips. Grace said: "I thought that
morning as it had been stiffening over
night, that the ice would be stiff enough
to bear me, and as I was late that morn-
ing, and as it was a long way round by
the bridge, I would save time by going
across the ice, instead of going around
by the bridge. I went on, thinking
about what I should say to the foreman
to save being docked a quarter of a day,
and wasn't thinking but what all was
safe enough, when I trod on a weak
spot and went right down through it. It
was so sudden like, and the water was
so cold, and I suppose I was so fright-
ened, that all my senses went away in a
flash. I hit my head on the edge of the
ice and it made me stupid, and that's
what made it seem so like a dream, per-
haps. It seemed like I kept sinking,
sinking all the time—not going down
like a man naturally would in the water,
but going down fast—so fast that it
took all my breath away. Although I
knew that I kept my eyes shut all the
time, it seemed like I could see all about
me, and like I was in the midst, first of
up all around me, and was very thick.
As I went down, this kept growing
lighter and brighter, and from being
sort of gloomy at first, soon began to
grow pleasanter, and my head, which
seemed at first all stuffed up and stupid
began to be clearer and clearer. I have
heard a great deal about Paradise, and
all of a sudden like it seemed I had
come to that place. I didn't feel like I
was anybody else, but all my senses
came to me, and the first I knew I was
wondering where I was and how I came
there. I felt as if I was just so full of
happiness as I could be. Everything I
had done in my life seemed like it was
written on a little page, and I had it
right before me and I could tell it all,
even down to the little things. Before
me I could see great green and purple
and red clouds floating along, and would
hear angels and fairies singing, and I
knew they were happy, and when I tried
to help them I felt as happy as they were.

I tried to think it was a dream, but I
couldn't, and I didn't feel as if it was
all like death, and while everything
seemed so clear to me, even to what the
foreman would say when he found that
I did not come, I wondered if ever I
should go back again; and if I did,
what a time I should have telling the
boys where I had been and what I had
seen. Every good action I had done
came up and looked me in the face; and
although some of the bad actions, all
of which I could see standing at my
back, tried to come up, they could not.
I cannot tell you how happy I felt, and
how long I felt so. It was drowning.
I know, and if a man only knew about
it, and there wasn't any danger of being
brought back again, it would be the
happiest way to die that ever was in-
vented. But the coming back, oh! that
was awful!

While I was feeling so good as I was
trying to tell you about, and it didn't
seem as if it was a little while, but like
it was years and years, while I was
thinking, it seemed like one of the bad
actions crowded away one of the good
ones, and came up and looked me in the
face, and instantly all of the good ac-
tions, and all the angels and the fairies
became devils of the worst kind, and all
the colored clouds became black, and the
devils closed round me, and they yel-
led in my ears and pushed me this
way and that, and then all of the clouds
became precipices and caves and holes,
and it seemed as if the evil ones were
trying to push me into all of these at
once, yelling and howling all of the

Speech of Senator Wilson in Peter-

burg, April 6. He said: "I see
before me a body of colored men. I
would like to say a word to them. I
shall speak frankly and handsly, but not
patronizingly, for the sake of that has
passed. Before the law you are my
equals and my peers; you have the same
rights, privileges, and immunities that
I possess. Let me tell you in good
faith that more blood has been shed for
your emancipation than ever was shed
before for the freedom of 4,000,000
men anywhere on earth; for Christian
men and women have been praying for
you for more than 80 years, and you
are not forgotten now. Thousands of
our good men and women are now con-
tributing for your improvement and edu-
cation. I now say to you that you
have got your liberty—you are as free
as I am, and are entitled to vote; and
I want you to remember that the ballot
is sacred, neither to be bought nor sold,
but to be given for justice, liberty, and
humanity. You should forget that you
were ever bondmen—you should have
no prejudice on account of the mem-
ories of old times—you should love all
and be just to all—walk with your fore-
head to the skies, and call no one master
but God. Look down on no one, but
think, act and speak, and vote so as to
do good to all. Go for liberty and the
men who will be true to liberty. Go
for the preservation of the ballot-box,
and the men who will concede the ballot
to you. Go for education and the
church. Get homes and lands, how-
ever humble they may be. Bring up your
children to be better than you were. Edu-
cate them, and let the world see that
the friends who fought for you were not
mistaken in what they did in your be-
half."

To the whites he said: "I will say to
those who did me the honor to ask me
to address them, in the presence of my
God, that I never in this struggle of 80
years had a sentiment of hostility to any
of my countrymen. I have always ac-
tively and with no partiality, been in
favor of the South, and have so acted
since the close of the war. I believe I
am right in this policy, and will fight it
out for the balance of the year on this
line. In parting with you, I will say
you have been involved in a contest with
us, in which you were urged on by ideas
which I believe to have been wicked.
You fought worthy of a better cause,
and failed, and you ought to thank God
for it. We will yet see our banner
dearer and dearer, and if war should
come we will march side by side in its
defense. The cause of our separation is
gone. It has sunk so deep that
plummet will never reach it. Let me
advise you to elect a convention of tried
and true men who will amend your con-
stitution in accordance with the provi-
sions of the Reconstruction act. Send
men to Congress who can take the oath;
recognize the new rights of the negro;
concede them as more worthy of respect
and confidence, men who God made and
Christ died for; develop the resources
of old Virginia; build up manufacto-
ries; cut up your great plantations into
small farms, and till them well, and in
the course of a generation you will make
her one of the most opulent and pros-
perous States of the Union. If you
will do this, the people of Massachu-
setts will thank God for it."

A farmer the other day gave us his
way for making a garden fence for
keeping out the fowls, which seems to
be effective, as well as ornamental and
profitable. It is to set out wild goose-
berry bushes around the plot of ground
designed for a garden. When set close-
ly, they form a hedge that is entirely
impenetrable to the fowls. This gentle-
man's method of taking up the bushes
is an easy and cheap one. He says,
take a crowbar or a pointed wooden lever,
force it under the cluster of bushes,
(they always grow in "clumps,") and
then, using a block for a fulcrum, the
whole mass is easily raised out of the
earth.—[Lawrence Tribune.]

At the battle of the Wilderness, a
gallant young Mississippian had fallen.
At night, just before burying him, there
came a letter from her he loved best.
One of the tearful group around his
body, a minister, whose tenderness was
womanly, took the letter and laid it up-
on the breast of him whose heart was
stilled in death.

"Bury it with him. He will see it
when he wakes." It was the sublimest
sentence of his funeral service.

A Rent Story.
Once in the Latin quarter, one may
learn many useful facts. Among others,
an ingenious method of avoiding pay-
ment of rent that would do honor to
Dick Swindler. The explanation of
the method is inseparable from its illu-
stration.

The landlady of a certain medical
student who ineffectually dunned her delin-
quent tenant for some time, resolved
at last upon resorting to extreme meas-
ures. She entered the student's room
one morning and said in a decided tone:
"You must either pay me my rent,
or be off this very day."

"I prefer to be off," said the student,
who, on his side, was prepared for the
encounter.

"Well then sir, pack up directly."

"I assure you madam I will go with
the utmost expedition if you will assist
me a little."

"With the greatest pleasure."

wardrobe, tranquilly opened a drawer
and took out a skeleton, which he hand-
ed to the dame.

"Will you have the kindness to place
this at the bottom of my trunk?" fold-
ing it up.

"What is that?" asked the landlady,
recoiling a little.

"That?"

"Yes that?"

"Pooh, that! Oh it is the skeleton
of my first landlord. He was inconve-
nient enough to claim the rent of three
terms that I owed him, and then—be
careful not to break it; it is No. 1 of
my collection."

"Monseigneur!" exclaimed the dame,
growing visibly paler.

The student, without replying open-
ed a second drawer and took another
skeleton.

"This—is this my landlady in the
Rue l'Ecole de Medecin. A very wor-
thy woman, but who demanded the rent
of two terms. Will you place it upon
the other? It is No. 2."

The landlady opened her eyes as
large as *portres cocheres*.

"This," continued the student, "this
is No. 3. They are all here! A very
honest man, and whom I did not pay
either. Let us pass on to No. 4."

But the landlady was no longer there.
She had fled, almost frightened to death.
From that day no more was said
about the rent.

KEROSENE.—The following should
be published at least once a week:

Many persons who use kerosene or
coal oil lamps, are in the habit, when
going to bed or leaving the room for a
time, of turning the wick down low, in
order to save a trifle of the consumption
of oil. The consequence is that the air
of the room soon becomes vitiated by
the unconsumed oil vapors of the gas
produced by combustion, and also by
the minute particles of smoke and soot
which are thrown off. Air thus poison-
ed is deadly in its effects, and the won-
der is that more persons are not imme-
diately and fatally injured by breathing
it. Irritation and inflammation of the
throat and lungs, headache, dizziness
and nausea are among its effects.

Mr. WREVEL having been out to a
late tea-party with a few friends, upon
getting into bed at 1 A. M. hoisted his
umbrella. Mrs. W. pleasantly desires
to know "why he is making such a re-
digious ass of himself?"

"Well, you see, my dear, I expected
a storm, and I came prepared."